

THE WAR CRY



Christmas, 1957



"We have seen His star... and are come to worship Him." -Matthew 2:3



## The Young Runaway

PATTY sat on the very edge of her bed so it wouldn't make any creaks. It was difficult because she was a pretty fair-sized seven and quite wiggly. She smoothed her beloved Brownie uniform in the darkness and touched the corner of her suitcase. In a couple of minutes Mother and Daddy would be talking loud and angry again.

Her heart was thumping. If she didn't go quickly, they might hear it. Divorce! They were using that terrible word again. . . . And they were saying they'd let her choose—choose between them! They were telling each other over and over that she could choose between them. Christmas would not be the same this year.

Patty slid to her feet, pushing a wad of hanky tight against her mouth so she wouldn't cry noisily. "I'm sorry," she choked into the hanky, "but I couldn't ever really choose between you. We'll all three have to go different places."

Getting out was easy, even with the suitcase. Patty stopped once at the back gate wondering if she'd remembered the little red-white-and-blue bead ring and the birch-bark canoe with "Souvenir of the Dells" on the side. Too late to go back now. She sat down on her suitcase and buried her face in her hands. But after a while she stood up. The sobs were gone.

She smoothed the uniform and took out a pink comb from her purse and took off her Brownie beanie and combed her hair, her brown hair with the long blond curl that Mother always said was so "becoming." The sobs were coming back but she just kept clearing her throat and started forward.

The alley lay like a tunnel and the night was so thick you could almost squeeze it in your hands. The sharp,

shadowy fences seemed much higher than ordinarily, and down near the street they came close together, like two ghost hands waiting to clasp you between them.

But on the main street a few signs winked and Ben's grocery was still open. She ought to have bread and milk. Out on the highway it's a long way between stores.

"Hi, there, Baby Doll," said big aproned Bill, grinning at her. "Ain't it kinda late for you to be out alone?"

"Hi, Ben! Quart of milk and small white loaf. And a bag of potato chips."

"Hey," he said, coming back with the milk, "you're all decked out in the military. Big celebration at The Salvation Army?" He had seen her uniform under her coat.

Patty nodded, with a puppet's grin. Tears slid over her cheeks as she began counting out dimes on the counter.

"Now, wait a minute," said Ben. "You don't have to squander yer life's earnin's. I'll add it onto your bill."

Patty shook her head hard. "Wanna get rid of them."

"Then what you cryin' for?" He tipped her chin up. "Scared or somethin'? Want I should walk you home?"

Not home!

"Me scared?" She looked greatly surprised. "Can't you see I got a humdinger of a cold?" She blew her nose.

"Awright," said Ben, pushing the paper bag in her arms, "but get a skedaddle on. Your folks'll be worried."

Outside, Patty edged along the store walls to the doorway of the darkened hardware store to where her suit-

case was hidden quite safe and sound.

Now which way was south again? She'd decided to go south because Florida was hot and you could shed your winter coat, eat coconuts and oranges. She walked several blocks, past the few stores and a church and a fire station, before the suitcase really got heavy and one corner of the bag tore from her gripping so hard. It was a very good thing she was not a cry-baby.

Had they missed her yet? They always came to kiss her good-night, but never together any more. If only . . . Patty began to sniffle, but that was silly because what had to be done had to be done. She said her tables through the fours and spelled all the three-syllable words she could remember.

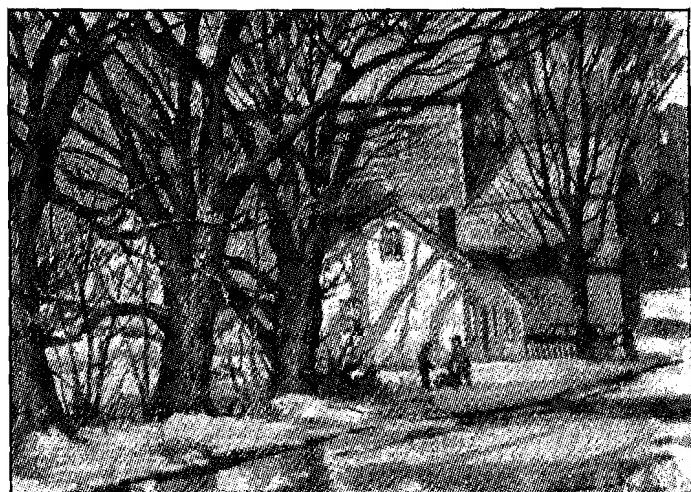
She had to stop and rub her right hand again. The night was getting pretty chilly. Maybe by tomorrow there'd be palm trees. Now which way was south again?

"Whoooo," moaned the wind, swooping through the branches at her. "Who-whoooooo." What if—what if she went unconscious and somebody found her and took her back and tried to make her decide? Or what if she dropped dead right here where no houses were and the wolves and rhinocerons came and tore her to pieces and chewed up her bones?

Patty began to tremble, but she went on, dragging the suitcase now. There must be something helpful she could think. The Brownie Promise: "I promise," she began in a solemn, official tone, "to do my best, to do my duty to

### THE FATEFUL NIGHT

PATTY made her way to the corner store to buy food for her journey into the unknown.



THE WAR CRY

Patty Hated That Ugly Word "Divorce," and  
When She Heard Mum and Dad Quarrelling  
Again, and Arranging To Separate, She De-  
cided To Light Out On Her Own.

God and the Queen, and to help other people every day, especially those at home."

She struggled through it several times, then suddenly the words divided themselves into little mounds of separate meaning, each with a voice of its own.

"I promise—to do my best—to love God—to love—God—" God knew everybody! And He was awful smart. And some people figured He could do magic. His Son Jesus certainly could. That's what they said at The Salvation Army Sunday school anyhow. If only Mother and Daddy had gone maybe they wouldn't have got into so much trouble.

But if she asked, maybe God would tell her which way was south: Patty dropped both the bag and the suitcase. God might just be able to figure the whole mess out! She must go and find Him immediately. Back at the big church she'd passed. He would be there the same as at The Salvation Army. They told her so.

Patty hurried back two blocks. There was the church. A light on, too. Pulling the suitcase up the steep flight of cement steps took a long time. What if the door wouldn't open? For a while it seemed locked but finally she

yourself? It wasn't probably too hard. A lot of people did it. She always said her prayers at home, but this was different.

"Dear God," she began, "I guess You know all about the—the mess. Do You suppose you could work a little magic? I mean sort of like a—miracul? I—I'm sure You wouldn't be sorry. They're so nice—I mean both of them—" But then she couldn't go on and had to wipe her eyes right on her coat sleeve because she couldn't find her hanky.

She finally decided to just sit there and wait until God did something. Those posters in the streetcars said He never lets you down.

She sat.

But evidently God was sleeping that late at night and didn't hear, or it could be that a little fair-haired seven-year-old girl's voice was too thin to reach Him, for He didn't seem to be doing anything in the way of magic—in the way of a miracle.

Patty sat. Sometimes she wiped her nose on her sleeve and sometimes she sucked a potato chip. Finally, after a very long time, her eyes closed and she slid down on the bench—without an answer one way or another.

Maybe it was a good thing she didn't

*By* MRS. MAJOR H. CHESHAM

squeezed inside, numbly pushing her belongings before her.

Nobody was there, but it was nice and warm and she could dimly discern the outline of a giant Christmas tree. The sight made her sad. She slipped in the last row of tall pews and sat down, feeling much better. God sure took care of His houses. And He was pretty nice to let people walk right in—with their dirty feet and suitcases and things.

Stifly she opened up the bag and ate several potato chips. Then a slice of bread. Then a drink from the carton of milk. How did you get in touch with God anyhow—all by

know when early the next morning the caretaker came to the church to sweep off the snow that had fallen on the steps overnight, and saw her there with the suitcase and the paper bag, and crumbs on her coat.

The first thing Patty knew was her parents' faces bending over her. "Mother!" Patty sat up kicking the paper bag to the floor. "Daddy!" She started to leap into their arms when the big, dark, remembering shadow flashed across her mind. She shrank back, trembling violently. "No, I'm going away. I couldn't ever choose between you. I couldn't!"

"Darling," said her Mother, "every-



"Ralph! Patty has disappeared!"

thing is all right. Next summer you can go to Brownie camp and Daddy and I'll—"

"We'll take a trip north again and—".

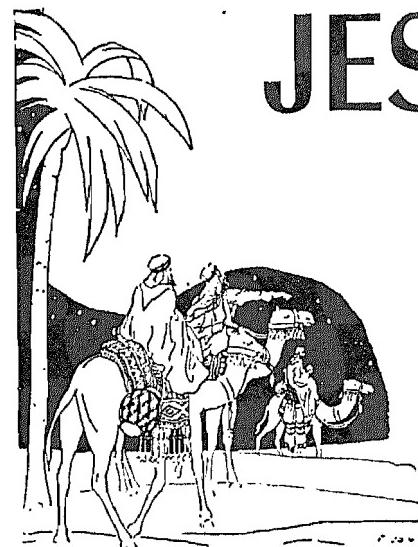
Patty stared, her grimy hands clenched hard behind her back. "You—mean all three of us?

"Yes," they said together.

"Yes, Midget," her Mother went on, "we've been looking for you all night. Ben said you'd been in and we combed every block. Police were out all over too. We did an awful lot of thinking, Honey, and an awful lot of praying and when we heard that you were in a church, well—"

"You won't understand this, Midget," said her Daddy, "but we just—figured that Somebody must have had a hand in all three of our lives. We're going to the Army with you," his voice choked up, "regular. And this is going to be the best Christmas you—and we—ever had!"

As they left the church Patty slid her gaze upward and said, under her breath of course, "That does it, God. Thanks tremenjustly. I said You wouldn't be sorry."



"And it came to pass in those days that Jesus came." Mark 1:9.

**N**OTHING is more wonderful than the fact of Christmas. I mean that if Christmas is the celebration of the coming of Christ, as Saviour of the world, there is no event in the world's history more important.

It is all wonderful—that He should be made manifest to men as a Man-child, that He should be the little Babe for whom there was no room in the inn, that He should be laid in the manger of the lowly stable, the home of the humble beasts of the field—all, all this is wonderful.

That His coming should be heralded by a great star shining in the east; that the wise men from the Orient should foresee at that time and place His arrival in Palestine, and, finally, that the heavenly host should sing His praises and the heavenly messenger proclaim the Saviour's birth, all this is wonderful and miraculous.

The Territorial Commander and Mrs. Commissioner W. Booth



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# JESUS CAME—Not To

## To Save

But for us who can look back across the centuries and measure the significance of all this, the most wonderful and astonishing fact of all is that HE CAME! That God should make Himself man in order to reach down to poor, sinful humanity—this is the miracle of miracles.

I was pondering over this truth recently and felt my soul moved once again with awe and wonder that Christ really came. As my thoughts dwelt on the implications, it seemed to me that I heard the Lord say, "Remember why I came," then, like a flash the Lord's own words were brought to mind:

"I came not to judge the world, but to save the world." John 12:47. This is the great and glorious

of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. 1 Timothy 1:15.

But on occasion the Saviour spoke of other reasons why He came. See Him before Pilate in the solemn hour of His trial—standing, almost silent, before the supreme earthly power of that day. He raised His head and we can imagine Him plumbing the depths of Pilate's crafty eyes as He looks him right in the face: "For this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." John 18:37. And He adds words that must have sounded very strange to Pilate—incomprehensible in fact—"Every one that is of the truth, heareth my voice."

By The Territorial Commander

## COMMISSIONER WYCLIFFE BOOTH

reason that He gives: "I came to save the world." The angel who spoke to Joseph chose His name and repeated the same great mission:

"Thou shalt call His name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins." Matthew 1:21.

Here then is our Gospel — Jesus, Saviour.

Here is our parish — The whole world.

Here is our hope for eternity— A people who can be saved.

My mind was still pondering over this thought when I seemed to hear Him say, "Yes, but remember, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance'." Mark 2:17.

Only those who feel their need of Him will find salvation. The whole world could be lost if "we neglect so great salvation," but the whole world could be saved for, as Paul writes to Timothy, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy

Today, what glorious reality we find in those words. We who are Christ's, know that He is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and we do hear His voice.

For us, Christmas is a joyous season when we would banish every sombre thought and only know joy and happiness. But this was not possible for Christ.

When He is questioned as to His ultimate goal, He tells of His firm purpose to go to Jerusalem and to die.

"Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour."—John 12:27

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. This He said, signifying what death He should die."—John 12:32, 33.

Oh, yes, mysterious as it may seem, when He left His Father's throne, He knew what would be the awful end of His earthly life. There is no doubt in His mind; indeed, He mentions more than once not only

THE WAR CRY

# Judge But The World

His knowledge but His acceptance of the supreme sacrifice He must make as the world's Redeemer.

Will you allow yet one more quotation of Christ's words as to why He came? Do you recall when He said "I came not to send peace, but a sword?" Matthew 10:34.

Mysterious words, almost in contradiction to the song of the heavenly host, but they have a vital message for each one of us.

Only a few weeks ago I received a letter from a Salvationist who was trying to persuade me that the time has passed for our military style of organization, and that we no longer need ranks and discipline, uniforms, trimmings and the like. He says, "An army on active service is normally an organization of limited duration. The enemy is engaged and pressed until victory is won. Do we well to maintain a military government when the situation which led to its adoption no longer exists?"

What is the answer to this dear brother's argument? Surely it is contained in these words of our Saviour, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." That is, God declares continual war against evil. We must draw the sword against all wickedness wherever we find it. There is no cessation of the battle, because the final victory over the powers of darkness has not yet been won. We cannot "let up" in our warfare, treating the enemy with consideration, nor make "terms" with him.

I would urge every reader to think this question through for himself. Did you once say,

"In the Army of Jesus I've taken my stand  
To fight 'gainst the forces of sin?"

Are you wielding the "sword" as you were wont to do, and, if not, what should you do to get into the fight once again?

These are matters which are vital to our whole Army, and I pray that God may use these words to revive the fighting spirit amongst us. Will you do your part?



*The writer shows that Christ's words explaining one of His reasons for coming to earth ("Not to bring peace but a sword") mean a perpetual prosecution of the war against sin. There can be no cessation in this conflict against evil, ignorance and defeatism. Eventually, Jesus will conquer!*

## Keep Christmas All Year

THE glorious festival of the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour

Jesus Christ comes again to enthrall us with its beauty and to comfort us with its message of divine cheer, truth and love. "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men." Christmas speaks to us of the eternal tides of the divine love and goodness flowing from the heart of God into the heart of man, and still waiting to flow into countless hearts of men and women to bring them gladness and peace.

How can we make the spirit of Christmas last throughout the days of the year? That great modern Christian, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, recently said: "There is need for less thoughtlessness. This need has not been stressed enough in Chris-

tian teaching, but it is a fundamental of Christian thought."

Then, as we think of God's thoughtfulness for us at this Christmas season, let us determine to be filled with a new spirit of good-will and thoughtfulness for others, so will we grow into the kind of Christians that the Church and the world needs today.

May the glorious music of Christmas uplift you to new heights of hope, joy and peace. May the Christmas glory dwell in your hearts and homes and cast its halo about the heads of happy little children. May the divine benediction of Christmas rest upon each one of you on this happy day and not only then but remain with you throughout the days of the New Year.—F.H.W.

## Those



BY MRS.  
CAPTAIN MIRIAM  
EVENDEN,  
Toronto

**W**HAT do you remember most about Christmas? Ours were certainly different! I doubt if anyone in town celebrated the "birth of the Christ child" quite the way we did. Our family never had a turkey, or sat around the fireplace singing carols, or welcomed relatives from distant places to make glad the joyous occasion. In fact, we rarely saw our parents from an early breakfast to late supper on that day. YET THEY WERE THE MOST WONDERFUL CHRISTMASES THAT I CAN REMEMBER. You wonder what made them so? I'll tell you! . . .

I'm part of a family of six . . . counting Mom and Dad. In my childhood, during the closing years of the depression just before the Second World War, we lived in the Maritimes. There were a great many poor and financially insolvent people in our community. Every Christmas, The Salvation Army made extra efforts to relieve their distress with food hampers and dinners. Much of the responsibility, and a good deal of the work involved, rested on the shoulders of the corps officers (my parents) and a few comrades of the corps.

Christmas began very early in our house. Long before the sun was up, my sisters, brother and I would investigate the contents of the "stockings" hung conveniently at the bottom of the bed. Then the "pestering committee" would work on Mom

## Childhood Memories of Christmas

and Dad until permission was granted to enter the living room where the Christmas presents stood in colourful array. I can still recall some of the ornaments that decorated the tree. (I've learned since that many were part of the family's possessions for more than twenty-five years).

We carried the gifts into our parents' room and opened them on their bed. We weren't permitted to play

### THE YOUNG LORD OF HEAVEN

**T**HIS night of His coming  
is muted and stilled;  
The holy bells chime  
Of a promise fulfilled.  
The Hero of David,  
The tall Son of God,  
The reaches of Heaven  
His young feet have trod  
To walk in our darkness  
In strength unafraid,  
To lift to Himself  
The world He has made.

He has been, forever,  
He is, and shall be  
The young Lord of Heaven  
And earth and the sea;  
His love, past our dreaming,  
Enchants every hour,  
It speaks in our music,  
It breathes in each flower.  
Oh, look for His presence  
In all that is light;  
A Sun for the morning,  
The Star of the night.

—Ellis Atkisson McDonald.

with our new possessions until breakfast had been eaten and cleared away. Except for occasional glimpses, that ended our contact with our parents during Christmas Day. They disappeared downstairs to meet the long lines of folk waiting to pick up the produce for their Christmas dinner.

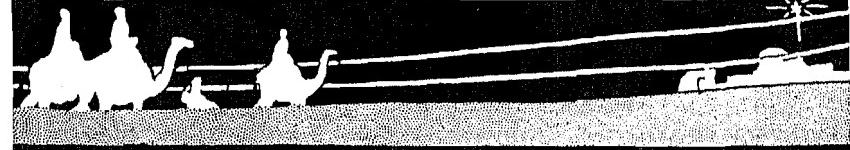
Sometimes my sister and I would sit on the stairs and watch the people coming and going. By noon-time our veranda, snow-packed lawn and walk were crowded with jostling, noisy, happy youngsters. When Dad opened the door they stampeded downstairs to the young people's hall, where the tables were spread with the finest goodies of the season.

I must confess that sometimes we were tempted to resent the abnormalities of our Christmases. Then one day, the Christmas before Dad left to go overseas with the troops, something happened that evaporated our inclinations to self-pity. My twin sister and I were sitting on the steps feeling sorry for ourselves when Dad called us downstairs. Taking each by the hand he led us into the big room where the boys and girls were having dinner.

In my imagination I can still see the long rows of tables, the white table-cloths, and decorations — the half-empty plates . . . and hear the subdued murmur of many voices. Most of the children were poorly dressed, but their faces were scrubbed pink and there was a sparkle in every eye. This was the happiest day in the year for them.

Something particularly special happened in that moment. Suddenly the real meaning of Christmas became crystal clear. The giving up of "traditional Christmas" in our home seemed a small, insignificant sacrifice. In an instant I realized the blessings and benefits of Christ's words "It is more blessed to give than to receive" . . .

Many, many Christmases have passed my way since then. When ever the dawn of a new one breaks my memory goes back to this loveliest one of all. . . .



# The Secret Of Peace

I CAN still hear the chimes ringing jubilantly through the frosty night air. It was Christmas Eve, and I was walking down the silent street toward home. Here and there a wayward snowflake sparkled for a moment then disappeared. I was deep in thought. What did Christmas really mean to the world? "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men?" But was there peace on earth? and what was I doing to propagate that peace?

Suddenly I realized that I was home. Somewhat reluctantly, I put my thoughts in the background and opened the door. The hum of voices and happy laughter echoed from the kitchen. All at once a strange warmth penetrated my whole being. This was where I belonged. Here people knew and loved me. Here I could feel a sense of serenity and comfort. Here, I was sure, there would be always someone to understand.

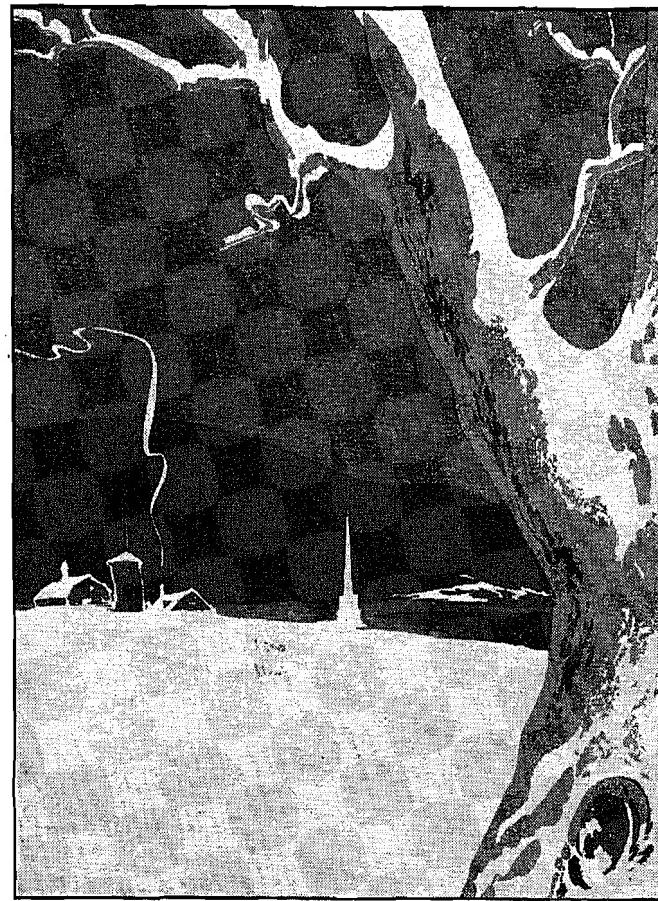
The tree in the living room was scintillating with "icicles" and other decorations. How neat and orderly the gifts were arranged under it! Tomorrow they would be opened and, soon after, almost forgotten. But I knew that Christmas meant much more than that. It meant "peace on earth" . . . or did it?

## Christmas Eve Delights

I walked into the kitchen and joined in the gay conversation. There were so many things to talk about—the new-fallen snow; what we were going to get for Christmas; how we were going to spend tomorrow. With such interesting discussions, we hardly noticed the small hand on the clock slipping around to twelve. It was time we all went to bed.

In the quietness of the bedroom I pulled back the corner of the curtain and looked up at the starry

BY  
**CAPTAIN**  
**WILLIAM**  
**BROWN,**  
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Ont.



heavens. The snow had stopped falling and every star seemed to glow with unusual splendour. Below me, everything was clean, and quiet and beautiful. The words of a familiar carol went tumbling through my mind. . . . "Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting light". . . oh, how I wanted this to be a reality to all the world—the eternal Light that alone could bring peace on earth.

\* \* \*

Christmas Day was full of fun and frolic. The gifts were unwrapped; the games were played; the snowballs were thrown; the skating was wonderful. And that Christmas dinner! Shall I ever forget it? Hot, flaky buns; turkey, covered with brown gravy; vegetables of all kinds; the ever-tasty Christmas pudding, and that wonderful freedom of conversation and friendship that always seems to be a part of the festive dinner.

We all agreed that, after supper, we would gather around the tree and sing Christmas carols. I shall

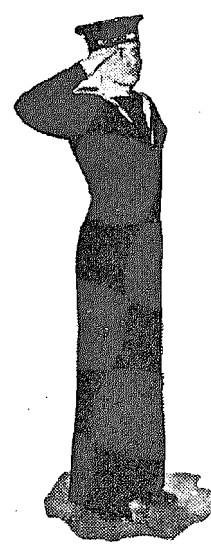
never forget the wonder and the sense of deep satisfaction that settled on my soul as we sang those never too-familiar strains:

"How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous Gift is given;  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His Heaven.  
No ear can hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him, still  
The dear Christ enters in."

## The Symbol of Love

Ah, that was it! "Peace on earth goodwill toward men!" What else could it mean? Surely every man on earth can find the way of peace when he allows the Prince of Peace to enter his heart. Christ enters in, and peace is found—the peace that passes all understanding. This is the truth I felt I must proclaim. This is the story I knew I had to tell.

I looked at the ornamental star on top of the tree. That, truly, was the symbol of Christmas — the symbol of light and of "peace on earth."



# Christmas In The Navy

By

Ist.-Lieutenant  
Dudley  
Coles

Kentville, N.S.

YES, on reflection, John had to admit this was probably the most memorable Christmas he had experienced in his life.

It began in the twilight of the dull, blustering Christmas Eve of 1944, as one of His Majesty's ships-of-war nosed its way through the boom defences which surrounded and protected Scapa Flow. This famous home fleet base of the British Navy during two great wars was situated in the Orkney Islands, just north of Scotland, and about 300 miles from the enemy-held Norwegian Coast.

Isolated from normal civilization and much less attractive than naval bases on the mainland, yet to a ship's company returning from an arduous mission in Arctic waters, Scapa possessed an air of a haven of rest and comparative peace amidst dangerous waters. Certainly, to John and the men lining the fo'c'sle and quarterdeck of the cruiser as she dropped anchor within its sheltering embrace, Scapa Flow on this Christmas-Eve bespoke a welcome relief from the tensions and weariness of recent days.

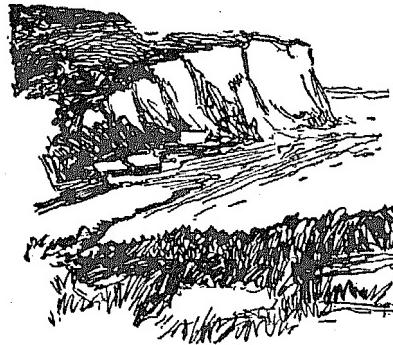
Once below decks, the men quickly devoured the hot soup and cocoa awaiting them, unlashed their hammocks, and swinging into them, were oblivious even to the memories of happier Christmases they had spent at home, and which so often had filled their minds.

Christmas day dawned cold and grey, but efforts to celebrate the event were soon evident. 'Reveille' was sounded an hour later than usual, a special breakfast of eggs and bacon was prepared, a curtailed work period ordered, and a divine service arranged. As the padre led the men filling the flight hangar in singing well-known

Christmas carols, John could not help sensing the present irony of the words, "Peace on the earth, goodwill to men."

After the special roast beef dinner which followed, John decided to take advantage of a three-hour shore leave in order to stretch his legs. Alone with his thoughts for a while, he endeavoured to recapture the true spirit of Christmas. Clambering down the side of the ship into a waiting tug, John soon found himself crossing choppy seas to a small island possessing little else than a naval canteen and a few crofters' (shepherds') cottages.

As he walked ashore and began to encircle the island, John thought what a desolate place it was to be visiting on one's first Christmas Day away from home! What a contrast from previous Christmases shared with parents, brothers and sister. My! those were happy times, but never had he appreciated them in quite the same way as he did now. How strange to think that the folks at home had no idea of where he



was, and he could not tell them, because of security regulations.

Nor did he know exactly where all his brothers were. The eldest was a prisoner somewhere in Japan, another was navigator of an Air Force bomber, while a third was in the tank corps somewhere in Europe. His sister was with the women's branch of the navy in New York. Only his two younger brothers would be home in London, spending the happy day with his mother and father. He wondered if the family would ever be home altogether for a Christmas again; he prayed that this would be so.

While his thoughts had been travelling many miles, John's feet had been treading the lonely gravel road which followed the perimeter of the island. Since leaving the jetty and canteen area, not a soul had he seen, but now John caught sight of a crofter leaving his simple cottage to attend some needed task.

Remembering the similarity between the man's life and that of the ancient shepherds, he realized better why God had chosen to reveal the great news of the Messiah's birth to such as these. Here were qualities of faithfulness, simplicity and compassion which the Good Shepherd Himself sought to teach all men.

But now John quickened his pace toward the jetty. Arriving there, he found himself an unwilling spectator of a fight which had broken out between men of two different ships, for there had been a good deal of so-called "celebrating," with its usual consequences. He was only too glad when his tug came alongside and took him away from this un-Christmaslike scene. As the little boat headed out toward the vast armada of warships, John felt happy that Christmas Day should find their crews enjoying a brief respite from operational assignments in the cold, unfriendly waters of the North Atlantic and Arctic Oceans.

## A Covenant With God

Just before climbing into his hammock, John read a Scripture portion and prayed that the Lord would soon bring goodwill to all men, so that he and his shipmates would once more be re-united with their families, and that God would bring some good out of this war experience for him, promising that, if spared, he would dedicate his future to whatever the Lord purposed for him.

Looking back now, John has to acknowledge how wonderfully God has answered that prayer. Instead of wasted years, they gave John a better understanding of men and their deepest needs, a deeper consciousness within of the all-sufficient presence of God, and a stronger, richer and more purposeful witness.

Within a few days of Christmas, John saw action again. His ship and another light-cruiser engaged three enemy warships in a never-to-be-forgotten battle, in which he lost all his personal belongings and saw a crew-member buried at sea. But he himself was spared, and it was not too long after returning to civilian life that God called him to Salvation Army officership, and the life-long task of fighting a spiritual warfare. It was some years before John finally surrendered, to the challenge such service presented, but today he is supremely happy in his privileged vocation of pointing men to the Christ of Bethlehem as the only One through whom can come lasting peace to the world, the nation, and the hearts of men.

How do I know this is true? Well, you see . . . I'm 'John'!

# The Divine Descent

## A Nativity Meditation

**A** TRINITY of divine descents marks the spiritual odyssey of our race. At the dawn of time God came down to judge man for his prideful disobedience. That initial misuse of freedom was the precursor of all human ills. Since then man has never ceased to be under holy judgment, for each one in turn has wilfully and knowingly violated the law of God. We need but look into our own hearts to discern this devastating truth.

With judgment came the promise of salvation, even at that early day. God did not leave His supreme creation comfortless. A deliverer would come, a second descent, this time to save! To save—but still to judge those who rejected Him, for judgment and mercy go together like two sides of a coin.

"When the fullness of time was come, God sent forth His Son."

"And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

"For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned . . ."

Without the Cross, Christmas is isolated from human need. Calvary and the resurrection are implicit in the incarnation. To sever the Christ-

The third descent came after the resurrection. The resurrection turned dejection into joy; dismay into hope. Within forty days, however, Christ ascended to Heaven, from whence He had come. His salvaged minority, who held within their frail hearts the hope of humanity, were consumed with anxiety! How could they get along without Him? They depended on Him utterly—and He was no longer with them.

Again, He did not leave His new creation comfortless! He made a

### By The Chief Secretary

third descent in the Person of the Holy Spirit. No longer limited by time or space He was now everywhere, and always at the disposal of the redeemed. He became the power of the saved, whom He energized as Heaven's colonists, bringing to earth the Realm of God. He became the sanctifier of the saved, making possible a holiness that permitted men to hold their heads in Heaven while their feet remained planted firmly on the ground.

Without the Cross, Christmas is isolated from human need; without Pentecost, Christmas would remain an inflexible point in history. Pentecost perpetuates the incarnation, projecting it into the midst of every new generation of men. Christ lives in my heart today in the Person of the Holy Spirit! Hallelujah!

There is yet to come a fourth sublime descent. It will be the ultimate victory over all demonic forces arrayed against the Realm of God. It will mark the consummation of the Christmas story. When, how, we cannot tell, but its invincible truth we hold dearly. It spells certain hope for the salvaged minority—nothing can withstand or delay His final coming "in the fulness of time".

"And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory."



THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND MRS. COLONEL C. WISEMAN

mas story from the plan of salvation robs it of its real worth, for birth is but the beginning of fulfilment, and fulfilment cannot come without suffering. Such is the deep tragedy of our sin.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



## The WAR CRY

No. 3813 SAT. DEC. 21, 1957 Price 15c

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PAGE NINE

## "There's a Wonderful Name—"

# 'TIS J

THE choice of a name for a child looms large in the mind of most parents and often I am disposed to ask a parent why a child received a particular name. Many children are given a name because some earlier member of the family bore it. Other children are given the name of the hero of the hour. Names can have a vogue and then go out of fashion.

It is to the credit of many parents that a name will be given with some understanding of its meaning—most Christian names have a worthwhile interpretation—and if, in the giving of such a name, there is linked a prayer that the child shall "live up to the name", it becomes more than a label. The world itself would be a better place if children, having discovered the meaning of their name, would then display such virtues as the name suggests. It was as a youth that I came to know that my Christian name, Wilfred, meant "A lover of peace".

Many parents bestow upon their children names associated with Old and New Testament characters; such, no doubt, was the underlying thought of the parents of "David John", a babe I recently dedicated.

But the name to be given to the Babe of Bethlehem, as revealed to Joseph and Mary, has become a Name above all other names: "JESUS"—and for this there was an eternal reason.

### A Meaning That Was Fulfilled.

No babe has ever received a name to which so much significance was and still is attached as did this Babe. The Name was given prophetically, but all the meaning of this "sweetest Name", Jesus, was fulfilled, for through His sacrificial death came that salvation from the power and thraldom of sin which was promised. In His coming as a Babe He took upon Himself all that was ours—our very sins—in order that all which is His might be ours.

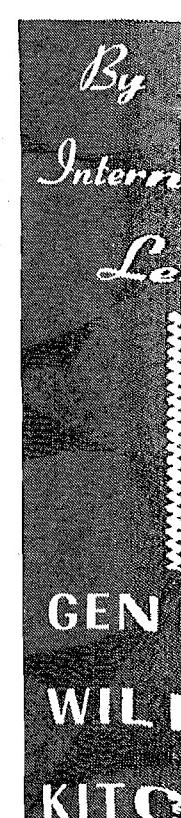
Because in a very particular sense His name reveals His nature, I ask you to think of some of those things for which His name stands.

"There is beauty in the name of Jesus", says a line of a song. It is not the beauty of the Name as a name, but the beauty of His nature which the Name reveals.

We sing "Jesus! the Name that charms our fears and bids our sorrows cease", but to idly mutter that Name without thought or meaning will not provide a talisman against fears and sorrows. No! In taking the Name of Jesus, however, we can take of His nature, and it is His nature to drive away fears and bid sorrows cease.

The Name of Jesus brings "joy and comfort", we are reminded in yet another song, and this is because it is His nature to create joy and to make strong.

THE WAR CRY



# JESUS!"

Jesus is the Name that brings "life and health and peace", because He is the Author and Giver of that life which is abundant, and health and peace result when the Bearer of that Name enters into our lives.

There is power in the Name of Jesus. In his very fine book, *The Old Corps*, Colonel Edward Joy tells the story of "Tom Swilltub".

"Tom—dirty, dishevelled, his drink-laden breath befouling the room", is standing by the bedside of Mother Dowell, "one of the loveliest old ladies you might wish to know." He has been to the penitent-form over and over again, but cannot get the victory over the drink.

"Tom", she said, breaking the silence. "Tom, have you tried the Name?"

"The Name, ma'am? I don't understand you."

"The Name of Jesus, Tom . . ."

"The Name of Jesus? How would that help me?"

The old saint reached out her hand and drew his glance to herself.

"When temptations round you gather, breathe that Holy Name in prayer."

"That's what I mean, Tom. Try that, my man!"

## It Works!

Then Tom understood. He bowed his head, his tears falling fast, for he felt his utter hopelessness and helplessness. "Jesus!" he said, "help me!"

The story goes on to tell how Tom tried the Name, was soundly converted, said "Jesus!" every time he was tempted and remained a Salvationist for many years.

"One evening Tom lay dying. The sun of the lovely spring day was setting across the Western Bay, its last lingering glory flooding the room in which he lay. . . . He was going home to be with God. During recent days all those who came to see him had been asked to sing of Jesus, and now, this last evening of his life, they had been singing the verses of 'Jesus, the Name high over all'. His hand slowly beat time to the singing, and when they came to the last verse it dropped lifelessly beside him. He gave one last slow smile and was in the Presence.

*"Happy if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp His Name!"*

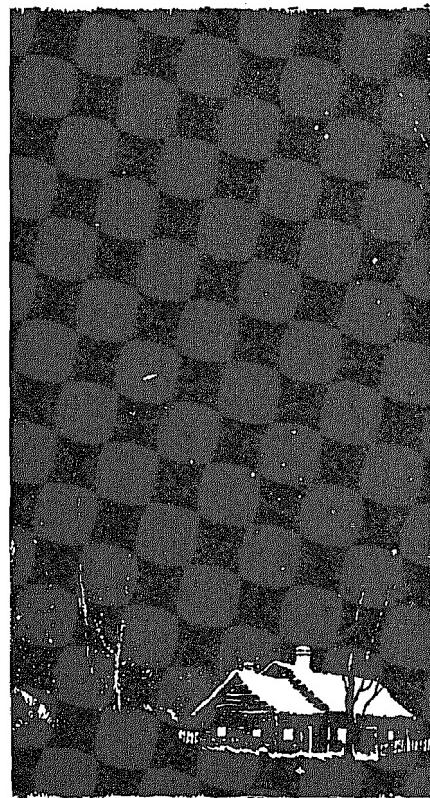
The name of Jesus does not create fearfulness; it inspires faith. It does not crush the timid heart; it creates the trustful spirit, and all because it is of the nature of Jesus to do these things.

The number of people for whom the Name of all names has become most precious is increasing daily.

(Continued on page 17)

CHRISTMAS NUMBER





## The "Hungry Thirties"

*No Bread—Yet They Lived In a "Wheat Province"*

which they usually completed their meal. "I finished up the last of the flour for the dumplings, and the bread is all gone," explained Margaret to her assistant.

"Well, God has never allowed us to miss a meal yet," replied Hazel. "The stores are closed now and we could not buy bread even if we had the money. I wonder whom God will send with our breakfast?"

For a few moments each officer was busy with her own memories. Margaret remembered the increase of \$200 a year which the school board had offered when she resigned to enter the training college. Yet God had never failed to supply her needs. Every sacrifice had been repaid many times. Would she ever forget the thrill of rescuing eight-year-old Gladys from the control of a wicked man? A Christmas card received that day told that Gladys was once again well and strong.

Hazel recalled the pleasant farm home where, at this Christmas season, her mother would be busy baking for the festival day. Her family had opposed her leaving home to become an officer, but she had been glad to obey her Lord. God had blessed her service in this her first

**“W**HAT'S cooking? I am hungry!" called Lieutenant Hazel Morton, as she entered the cozy kitchen of the Army officer's quarters in the little town of Swan River. "Chopping wood for an hour has certainly made me as hungry for food as the stoves are for fuel in zero weather." Hazel strode quickly across the floor and deposited the load of pinewood in a large woodbox which stood beside the range. Then returning to the woodshed she placed a couple of chunks of wood in the large pot-bellied heater in the front room.

"To-night we are having stew and dumplings," replied Captain Margaret Fitzgerald as she served the steaming supper. As the Lieutenant asked the blessing she thanked her Heavenly Father for His provision for their needs since coming to the corps.

Times were difficult on the prairies during the Depression. Three crop failures in succession had caused hard times. The two officers had managed to keep their expenses within their income of a dollar each. They were grateful for the meat bone which provided three meals for fifteen cents.

The dumplings were filling enough to satisfy the Lieutenant, and neither missed the bread with

BY BRIAR LEA

corps. Even that afternoon, while the officers were visiting Mrs. Appleby, the woman had slipped a small bookmark into the Lieutenant's hands saying, "This is to show you how glad I am that you brought me home from the tavern the night I was too drunk to walk. Best of all, you told me of a Saviour and now He has saved me."

Suddenly, the striking of the clock aroused the officers from their reveries. "We'll have to hurry, for the children will be here to practise in half an hour. Remember, Hazel we promised them that there would be games if they were punctual," said the Captain.

Soon all was in readiness for the expected visitors. The bright rays of the gasoline lamp gave a cheerful glow to the merry-hearted youngsters as they wended their way to the quarters through the deep snow. It was a new experience to practise in a house, but close economy would not permit heating the hall for weeknight meetings.

Everyone was excited, for the Christmas concert was only three days away. Soon the house was filled with the voices of the children singing carols.

"Do you know why we were good?" questioned Harold, the ten-year-old chairman. "You promised that we could play some games."

"Then we shall have three games of your own choosing," replied the Captain. "It is a cold night and your mothers will expect you home by nine o'clock."

The moments flew by and it was nearly time to depart when the children started their old favourite—"A broken-down house for the want of a D". Door was quickly guessed by an alert youngster.

Other furnishings and contents were guessed quickly until the question came. "Broken-down for the want of 'B'." Not one child could solve it. When the right answer "Bread" was given, the children remonstrated. While the Captain and Lieutenant exchanged glances, they protested that it was impossible for any house to lack bread.

Neither the Lieutenant or Captain wanted to confess that the quarters lacked bread. After prayer, the children hurried away, while the officers moved the lamp to the kitchen table to give better light for reading their Bibles.

Suddenly a loud knock was heard at the door. Callers at that hour were unusual and the Captain was surprised that the visitor was Mr. Smithson, a farmer who lived eight miles from town.

"Come in," said the Captain as he flung the door open. "Guess you are surprised at my late call," said the farmer. "I had a letter from my brother and he wants me to go cutting wood with him. My neighbours are looking after the stock, and I shall be gone till spring."

"While I was wondering what to do with the food I had in the house, the Lord told me to give it to the Army officers. There's a turkey, chicken, butter, bread and vegetables in the bags, and here are ten dollars for bread and milk. Now I must bid you goodnight, for I am going up the line on the ten o'clock train."

The door closed and Margaret and Hazel dropped to their knees in a prayer of gratitude to their Heavenly Father for His provision for their needs. There was no doubt that the Christmas dinner would have turkey on the menu.

# An Expression Of Love

CHRISTMAS — what memories that word brings to mind — happy, helpful memories. I recall a candlelight devotional service on Christmas Eve, with the residents of *Bethany Home and Hospital*, Saskatoon, when we sang carols and reverently lit the Christmas candles of faith, hope and love. It is a sacred memory, touched with pathos.

A joyful memory is that of singing with a group of officers to our neighbours at *Bethesda Hospital*, London, Ont. In the late evening we surprised them with our carols, and some of them joined us as we sang "Holy Night." Memory recalls the sheer ecstasy of singing with student nurses in the corridors of *Grace Hospitals* in Winnipeg, Vancouver, Halifax and Ottawa on many a Christmas morning. "Christians Awake" we sang.

These memories are the treasures. Not the celebrations, or the decorations, or the gifts, but the carols—they were AN EXPRESSION OF LOVE.

Memory is a strange thing. In memory I go right back, fifty years, to the first Christmas concert I attended at day school in England.

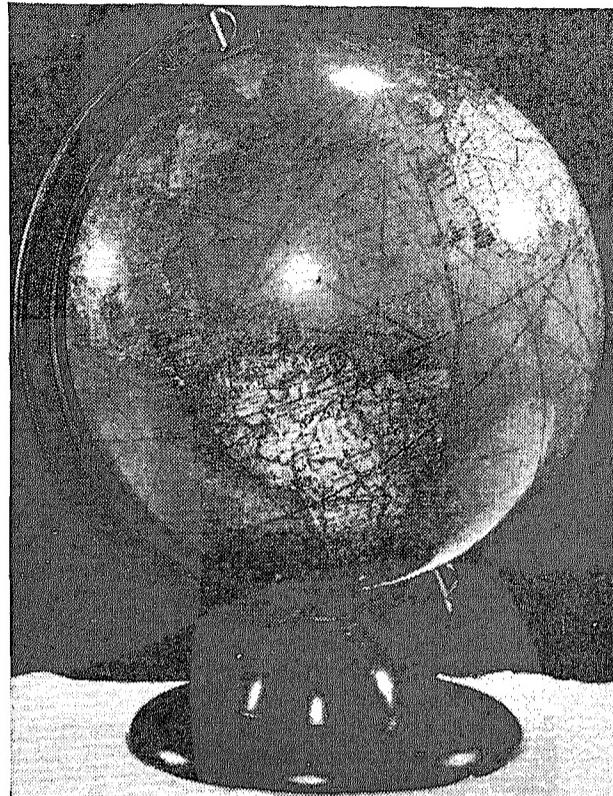
By Sr.-Major Marion Neill, Vancouver

We sang carols, and also sang "Twinkle, twinkle little star." I remember walking home with mother and, looking up, I saw the stars, and thought I had never noticed them twinkling. I was thrilled by their beauty. Christmas, the carols, the stars — memories to cherish!

Then I recall a strange experience one Christmas morning. I must have been about eight years of age — and I think we lived in Norwich, England, at that time. Money was not plentiful in the homes of Salvation Army officers. We heard about Father Christmas, and we knew that our parents helped him to give us presents. We knew we should find stockings at the foot of our beds in the morning. Waking very early — long before my brother and sisters were awake — and while it was still very dark — I felt round the bottom of the bed and found my stocking. By the sense of touch I could make out an orange and some nuts, but what was the queer-shaped object? I could not guess.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

John 3:16



It was round, flat and solid. I lay wondering what it could be until daylight. Then I opened the stocking, and took out — a mince pie!

I was dumbfounded — too surprised to speak. The other children had a little gift in their stockings — but I had a mince pie in mine!

Mother explained to me that she had given what gifts she had to the younger children, and she wanted me to have something, so she put in the mince pie! I knew what she meant; the pie was a token of affection—an expression of love. That is what Christmas is—an expression of love.

When the Christians of the fourth century instituted the Festival of the Nativity, they called it Christ Mass, and it was an expression of love. The date given to this festival was December 25th, and ever since it has been recognized as the birthday of Jesus Christ — a family day, a day of reunions, of merry-making and of exchanging of gifts. A day to be shared by every member of the family.

The first Christmas was not only an expression of love — it was LOVE!

"God loved the world of sinners lost And ruined by the fall; Salvation full, at highest cost, He offers free to all.  
O 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love, The love of God to me; It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Calvary!"

JESUS GAVE US THIS MES-

SAGE: "GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE."

No wonder Christmas is a family affair — it is based on the family of God. The Father gave His Son, and the Son gave Himself, all to redeem and win us back to the family of God from our lost and hopeless state. This great love is to be shared by every member of the family of God — men of all nations, for we have been redeemed.

But redemption must be accepted on an individual basis, just as every member of a family contributes to the happiness of Christmas, and makes his or her individual effort towards the celebration. We realize our need of a Saviour. We seek, we find, and we know the joy of reunion when we are accepted by God our father, through the merits of Jesus, into the family of God. We have the witness of the Holy Spirit that we are forgiven, pardoned, cleansed, renewed.

"Love came down at Christmas,  
Love all lovely, love divine;  
Love was born at Christmas,  
Star and angels gave the sign.  
Worship we the Godhead,  
Love incarnate, love divine;  
Worship we our Jesus;  
But wherewith for sacred sign?  
Love shall be our token,  
Love be yours and mine,  
Love to God and all men,  
Love for plea and gift and sign."  
—C. Rossetti.

# A Glimpse That Changed a Life

"**P**EACE of mind—the rarest gift of all!"

Why did the words keep dinning in her brain? She would never have peace of mind again. How fortunate indeed were families that enjoyed this blessing. How was it that she had not recognized this precious gift until it had been withdrawn? Never again would she have the thrill of sharing in the joyous childish excitement as the first fairy-flakes of snow whirled from the heavens to earth. There was no response in her heart when, in the early spring season, she watched little pink toes dipping into the lake for the first paddle of the season; no ready responding smile as, with shrieks of laughter and delight, the youngsters drew back from the cool waters on to the sand. The golden rays of the sun had lost their glitter, and all this was because she had no peace of mind.

## The Pain Persisted

And now to face another Christmas season! She could not endure to live through it! Even thinking about it was too painful. For the last five years she had felt: "Next year it will be easier. The hurt is sure to fade a little." But each year seemed to bring more awareness of a negligent moment. Not that she meant to be careless, it had just been "one of those things". Everyone told her that she was not to blame, but sometimes when she let herself think about it, she wished she had been brought up a fatalist. If only she could really believe that what had happened was inevitable, it wouldn't be so hard to bear. She knew that the sorrow which tugged at her heart was the knowledge that if she had been more careful, the accident might not have happened.

How can a person be in the midst of crowds and great excitement and yet be outside it all? The great tree in the square was twinkling with its varied-coloured lights. Young people were hurrying along the streets, their arms laden with parcels, starry-eyed with the joy of the Christmas season. The biting cold wind had brought a glow to the



cheeks of young and old alike; and the bells that rang from the church belfries sang of hope and joy.

Surely, no one passing by this well-dressed woman could know that she was an alien, a stranger in this enchanted land that briefly exists once a year. No one could picture the soul-agony as she beheld again a sunny-haired child playing under her very own Christmas tree. It was such a lovely picture and it

## BY MRS. COLONEL C. WISEMAN

was the last beautiful portrait printed on her memory. For quickly the loveliness had changed to a scene of horror. Why had she gone over to her neighbours? The reason was forgotten, but when she had returned to her little home, the place was in flames. The Christmas tree lights that had been such a delight to her girlie had suddenly made the tree an inferno. Her beautiful little child was so badly burned that she had not lasted through the night. How could Christmas hold anything but bitterness for her?

Blindly the woman tried to escape from it all; this thinking would drive her mad. She got on a streetcar, it didn't matter where it was going. Anywhere, just anywhere to get away from the excitement and happiness of other people! How long she rode she had no idea. It was the conductor who, sensing something

was wrong with the woman who just sat staring in front of her called out: "This is where we turn, lady. It's the end of the way!"

"The end of the way!" How she wished it was. The only thing that kept her alive was her husband. He had never once condemned her. She wished he had, but he suffered with her and it was not her desire to bring more sorrow to him.

Wandering up the street she felt a little calmer. The homes were brilliantly lit, but the streets were quieter, and the cold, clear sky calmed her troubled heart.

And then, and then it happened! Unaccountably everything came back to life. An uncovered window in a Salvation Army children's home brought it about. youngsters spilling over themselves in joyous excitement and anticipation. Shrieks of laughter and unrestrained jollity! Why hadn't she thought of it before? There were other children in the world needing a home! All of life was not over because one loved child had been withdrawn.

## Christmas Had Been Re-born

The moment had come without warning; Christmas had been re-born in her heart. Suddenly she realized that Christmas has so many meanings, but the most intimate one had to do with a Child's being born. Vaguely she wondered if she could borrow one of the children that she could see through the window, but then she knew that wasn't the answer. There would be plenty of time; and there were so many babies who were unwanted. She could wait.

With purpose in her steps she wended her way back to the streetcar, the one that had proved to be the beginning of a way, and not the end. She could go home now, her wanderings were over, but first there was one place she must go. Quietly she entered the first church she came to. Sitting down, she bowed her head and worry and anxiety fled away; peace came flowing into her heart. Christmas, she thought; tonight I too have been reborn.

# Farmhouse Visit

Little Did The Young Lad Realize That The Casual Visit To That Lonely Country Home Would Foreshadow His Future  
Life Of Service

If he had been a visitor from another world, the man at the door could hardly have interested me more. In a way, he was from another world, and that is why his visit, though it lasted only a few moments was so significant to me.

He came one day near Christmas. When mother answered the knock at the door, I was all curiosity. This was no usual caller. A tall white-haired man, he was vaguely alarming to an unsophisticated country lad. His clothing, particularly his cap with the red band around it, was like nothing I had ever seen. He carried a bundle of papers.

## An Indelible Memory

Mother was sometimes uneasy when strangers called, understandably so. Transients begging food, peddlers displaying dubious wares; men of evil intent? You never knew, and in an out-of-the-way place you were often suspicious. But our aged caller seemed to put mother immediately at ease, and soon they were chatting amiably. How well I remember it! Passing days, like the haze of twilight, have obscured many of the details of those yesteryears of childhood, but that kitchen-doorway scene is etched too deeply to forget. Sometimes I wonder if, by some providential influence, I subconsciously foresaw how large a part of my future that visitor was to symbolize.

He waited while she went to get a piece of money, a magazine exchanged hands, he said "God bless you" and was gone. As far as explanations could do so, the stranger was soon identified: I had made my first acquaintance with The Salvation Army.

Who was the veteran Salvationist? I hope that someday, perhaps in Heaven, I can tell him this simple story of one of the War Crys he sold. This Christmas—several years and many thousands of War Crys later—I thank God with fresh ap-

preciation for the zeal that brought the old disciple miles from his home to minister in a country farmhouse.

Mother passed me the paper and said, "maybe you would like to look at the pictures." The pictures were interesting, colourful and inspiring. Something else attracted me, though—a well-told story. I could read enough to grasp the tale, and I read it over and over. To me it was captivating, amazing, unique, though the archives of the Kingdom are replete with such records, I have since learned.

The central figure was a man who drank alcohol, who couldn't stop drinking it, though it made him utterly miserable and brought him all kinds of misfortune. Through that part of the story I wept. But what was this later event? The letters were spelling out a miracle. Unhappiness evaporated in the heat of it. Gloom fled away in the brilliance of it. According to this entrancing account, my man, when introduced to the Gospel, was "saved"—while his head was bowed and his eyes were closed in prayer he actually met God!

BY CAPTAIN ED. READ  
Chilliwack, B.C.

Though I was only eight, or perhaps nine, I had done some experimenting with prayer and was delighted with this further commentary on the subject. That such a divine answer could change anyone completely I did not even momentarily doubt, but only with great difficulty could I imagine how it could happen. To think that a person could hear God speak! To realize Him, *Him*—near you when you prayed! To know—O holy desideratum—that your sins were all forgiven because you felt it to be so, felt it deeply and convincingly, in your own heart!

I tried to imitate the alcoholic's



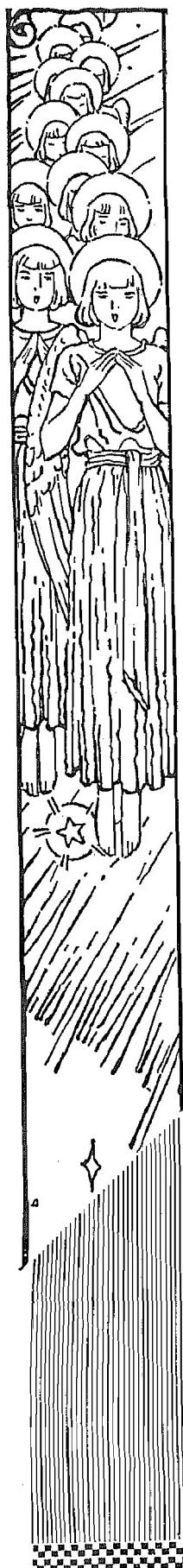
prayer. Searching the story for a clue as to what to do to make it just right I said the same words he had said. Wistfully I imagined that the warm glow of being "saved" had come to me. But nothing happened. I got up from my knees disappointed, and left the bedroom without feeling free to ask any adult for enlightenment. I would have been ashamed for anyone to know what I had been doing, I think.

Nothing really happened, I said, but that is wrong. True, I didn't get "saved" but something did happen the day a Christmas War Cry introduced that blessed word into my vocabulary, and gave it elementary definition. A search began which ended some five or six years later when, as a teen-ager I met Jesus for myself. To me, the power and glory of that experience is such that I am sure you will understand my oft preoccupation with this, one of my earliest steps toward it.

## CHRISTMAS SOCKS

ONLY a pair of socks  
(I think they were size eleven),  
But they started a chain reaction  
That led a man to Heaven.

They were slipped into his hand for  
Christmas,  
As in through the door he trod,  
And one thing led to another,  
Till the man was led to God.  
—The Harbourlighter.  
(Gifts of socks are given at Christmas to alcoholics who attend Army meetings at the Harbour Light Corps.)



## "Why We Couldn't Come"

### A LETTER FROM A BUSY COUPLE

Dear Folks:

So sorry we just couldn't make it for Christmas! We did want to see you to say "Merry Christmas" in person. But so many things pushed in, we could not possibly have got away. It was a GRAND Christmas for us, and I'll tell you all about it.

As usual, we attended to our Christmas cards in November, so they were ready to go at the right time. Good thing, too, for we never could have written them during the Christmas "rush".

The first real Christmas fun we had was the night of the children's programme. Jane's halo (the dear little angel!) went askew, and perched precariously on her brown curls. John, as a prophet of old, in pantomime, assiduously chewed his gum. Rose, the wee Madonna, putting her baby to bed, lay prone on the floor. Claude, representing Adam in the Garden of Eden, dived under the stage curtains to arrive almost nude—on the stage, as the curtain gently pulled his bear skin off his little "bare skin".

Christmas War Crys—600 of them—went like "hot cakes" when the group got together. "Holiday snacks" made the evening enjoyable, plus the cheer we were able to bring to old folks and "shut-ins". We had to sell them all before Christmas, then Christmas pots on the street just HAD to be attended to. We changed personnel every hour, with refreshments at the hall for everyone "coming off duty". How fast those hours flew! But the weatherman was good to us, and no one froze at their job!

No pots, no Christmas relief for the destitute! Soon we were immersed in buying, packing, labelling the "Christmas baskets". Two hundred families were well supplied, after we had thoroughly investigated. You can never know the thrill of presenting an unexpected basket to a really worthy family, and see the thanks beaming from their eyes, until you have taken Christmas food out.

### MAKING HUNDREDS HAPPY

There are seven institutions in our town, and to each inmate of each institution we carried a "sunshine bag". These are cellophane sacks, each holding a half pound of candy, an orange and an apple. Of course we also gave them a Christmas WAR CRY, and a "God bless you". Sometimes it was hard to know which they appreciated most.

On Christmas Eve, we prepared a dinner for fifty homeless and destitute men. My, how they ate! Turkey, peas, carrots and potatoes, mince pie and ice cream. It was fun buying all the necessary supplies and preparing them. It took us two days, but it was well worth the effort, I can tell you! A carol sing, before they left, brought back many Christmas memories!

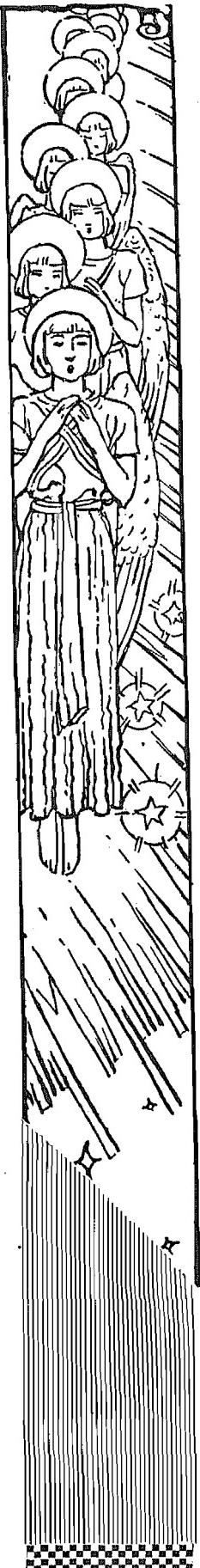
Christmas Day dawned, and you can imagine the howls of disappointment when the family found the personal Christmas tree did not take place until afternoon! You see, Christmas morning was the only opportunity we had of visiting the jails—men's and women's. As usual, we took "sunshine bags", and held a short service, which consisted mostly of carol-singing. You cannot imagine how we were welcomed, and how the inmates enjoyed the service. "It sure is like Christmas now," said one man, crying.

Returning home, we had our personal Christmas tree. We were tired, but the children made us forget our tiredness. How the gifts were enjoyed! The children loved the doll, and the ball, and the basket of bricks you sent. Personally, we were thrilled with the gift you sent us. We just wanted to put our arms around you both, and say a big "thank you".

Knowing how self-sacrificing you both are, we knew you would understand why we could not come to you on Christmas Day. What would all those folks have done without our efforts? It's so nice to know they looked forward to our coming. And though each day was crammed with activity, yet we felt that He who said, "Inasmuch", was using us as His ambassadors.

We wish you the very best, Mom and Dad, and will try to arrange to see you just as soon as possible. In the meantime, all our love.—

Minnie, Paul and the children.



# The Lonely Prairie Church

THE neat little Brithdir Church in Saskatchewan stands silent and alone hidden in a prairie bluff miles from anywhere. For that matter it isn't anywhere itself because there is no place on the map called Brithdir. Forty years ago sturdy settlers built a church there to commence a community, but no highway came through and the railroad built its line many miles away.

The church has remained lonely and silent to this day served over the years by ministers and students whenever possible from distant pastoral charges. The trail roads to its doors are soon snowed up in winter, and a Christmas service had not been held for many a long day, but last season the roads were open and the minister held a Christmas Eve service.

It took place in the early evening,

and the farming families gathered from near and far to crowd the little white-painted church. The women had lovingly decorated it with evergreen inside, and on the old centre table, with its ancient green fringed cover, stood a small Christmas tree with a card-board cut-out of the nativity scene nearby.

Everywhere there had to be candles twinkling for no electric power lines had yet reached this forgotten spot.

"Silent night, holy night" was never sung in a better setting; peace all around was a reality, and the gift of God's only Son rested in the cradle of everyone's heart. The service was over all too soon, and we went out into the night glad of heart to feel that in the iridescent beauty of the shimmering northern lights over-head the angels sang.



The minister's car tumbled its way across the rutted roads back to the Christmas service in the big church in the town miles away. Here chiming bells rang in Christmas day, and a gowned choir led the singing of the larger congregation, but away out there on the prairie as they snuffed the last candle, and only the stars were left shining in the crisp night sky, Bethlehem seemed just around the corner of the leafless bluff.—*The Observer*.

## "There's A Wonderful Name—'Tis Jesus!"

(Continued from page 11)

I recall a great meeting one Sunday morning in the heart of the Belgian Congo. Hundreds of men and women bowed in prayer were breathing the Name of Jesus. It seemed to me as though it were the whispering of the wind through the leaves of the trees that provided a canopy for the gathering.

The gentle murmuring of "Jesus" in prayer told its own story of a people who had but recently walked in darkness and for whom now there was a Name that literally made "devils fly", for the devils of superstition, of torture, and of opposition to their giving of themselves to Jesus were to most of them terribly real.

And it is the Name, Jesus—"Gentle Jesus"—that the little child bears on its lips in its first prayer as it is also the Name that the saint of God breathes in his last moments upon earth.

One of the greatest preachers of the last century was occupying his pulpit for what he had been warned might be the last time. Ill-health was forcing his retirement, but in broken accents he cried:

"Let my name perish, but let the Name of Jesus last for ever. Jesus!

This immortal Name moves the harps of Heaven to make melody. It is woven into the warp and woof of our hymnology. It is the sum total of our delights. There is a whole song in the one word "Jesus". "All the hallelujahs of eternity are found in the five letters!"

To honour the Name demands that we honour the nature of Jesus.

To bear the Name demands that we bear the nature of Jesus.

To love the Name demands that we love the nature of Jesus.

To be willing to die for this Name if needs be demands a death to one's own nature and a life in which His nature has full control. Gladly I testify to my own love for this Name and all that it means, and I would that all who bear this Name upon their lips should "sing its worth" with a greater conviction and enthusiasm.

Christmas is an empty and unsatisfactory festival in any home unless those in it find time to remember the Name of the Child who came to "save his people from their sins."

## GIFT FOR THE GALAXY

"GOOD tidings of great joy to all the peoples of the earth!" Is all the universe rejoicing for a Saviour's birth? Are there not other worlds than this impelled to lift their sight Above themselves to miracles of glory in the night?

And is the herald angel-song but sound of singing spheres In cosmic carol echoing some Christmas down the years? The sky is peopled through all times within creation's span. Is there Nativity, indeed, beyond the sense of man?

Love is unearthly: infinite the Story and the Star... Is not our God the Lord and King of all the worlds that are?

—Beth Duvall Russell.

THE WAR CRY is indebted to William Collins, Sons and Co., Ltd., of London and Glasgow, for permission to use Mr. H. M. Brock's fine painting of the Nativity scene shown on the front cover. Lt.-Colonel R. L. Keeler, of THE WAR CRY, Chicago, kindly lent the art work which comprises the back cover.

It is no wonder that that great saint of God, Bramwell Booth, whispered in his dying hours: "Jesus—a Name to live by—and a Name to die by!"

## The Glad Sound of The Hand-Bell

"HARK the glad sound!" carols a Christmas hymn, reproduced in the Christmas issue of The Salvation Army War Cry. The phrase is more than applicable at this time of year when the glad sounds of the approaching festive season swell along the streets. But it is particularly applicable to the street-spots downtown where the Salvation Army Christmas appeal kettles hang.

"Hark the glad sound!" of the bells jingled by service club men who keep the kettles at the financial boil. Their good-natured repartee exchanged with friends. Their powerful appeals to passing strangers to make a donation. All these add up to a "glad sound" of Christmas.

The clinking of money—or better still, the loud whisper of it—in the Christmas appeal kettles, is a joyous sound of the season because of its echoing the year round; for the work of The Salvation Army continues the year round. The jingle of the Christmas kettles is a repetitive chorus.

It is at its liveliest around Decem-

From The Regina Leader Post



ber 25th when the work of The Salvation Army focuses on the needy. It is heard then wherever the Christmas dinners are served to men, alone, transient, down on their luck. It is in every Christmas hamper delivered at doorsteps where sometimes the shadow of want hovers.

But after Christmas the sound is not silenced. No, you hear it then in the nurseries where it falls gratefully on the ears of the mothers, once desperate for a helping hand. It has a hopeful ring when heard by the men and women whose path has shied away from law and order. And when it echoes in the sunset homes maintained by the Army, there it has a gentle music for the aged.

At Christmas then, on city streets, the appeal kettles make their own particular music. Sometimes it falls on tone-deaf ears and for such the season is a tuneless thing. But for those who stop beside the kettles to hear and to give, the sound will thread a happy motif all through their own Christmas festivities.



SLEEPLESS and bewildered, but gloriously proud, the husband of Mary emerged from the stable and made his way to the census taker's booth. For it was the decree of Imperial Rome, ordering a general census, that had brought them to Bethlehem. The angels' song hummed through his heart, and his fine bronzed face was radiant with the wonder of the night. But enrollment blanks and reckonings kept the census taker busy, and all he saw was another peasant standing in the line.

## Just Another Name

"Name?" he demanded in a routine tone.

"Joseph, carpenter, of Nazareth of the house of David."

"Married?"

"Yes."

"Wife's name?"

"Mary."

"Children?"

"Jesus, born last night."

Was there any comment? Did the petty government official who wrote for the first time the name that was to be "above every other name" — did he wonder as he wrote? Probably not. It was just one more name on the census roll. Just another boy.

What laughter would have run through Rome if someone had pointed to that name and said: "There is

the beginning of the end of your empire, and of all empires everywhere." Yet it would have been true. Democracy began, and thrones began to totter when He said, "You are the sons of God." For if all men are sons of God, then all are brothers, and the poorest are entitled to equal rights and privileges with the king.

Rome would have laughed, and Rome is dead. But the influence of the Child lives on. We celebrate His birthday and the festival of children everywhere. They, not we, are the really important people of the earth. In cradles and at the foot of Christmas trees are the lives that are to overthrow and rebuild all that we have built. Let us pray that early they may learn to love God and the light.—B.B.



The best way to begin Christmas Day—read to your family the  
beautiful Bible story of the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem

